

Brooklyn Nine-Nine

"Bound"

Spec Script by

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COLD OPEN

INT. BREAK ROOM - MORNING (D1)

Amy, Rosa, and Terry sit. Jake stands in front of them.

JAKE

Just hear me out. Like, I can rap
Dre's Chronic straight through.
Not many people can do that.

TERRY

I mean, it's impressive, but-

Charles walks in.

JAKE

Okay, okay. I've watched Training
Day 47 times.

CHARLES

What's going on?

AMY

He wants to go to the minority
council's black tie fundraiser
tonight, so he's trying to convince
us of why he deserves to attend.

TERRY

By listing ways he's a minority.

JAKE

Ok, I've seen every show that's
ever aired on the Oprah Network.

CHARLES

And all this stuff makes you black?

JAKE

No! No. Whoa. I'm saying I'm the
only person on earth that's done
this stuff. Which puts me in the
minority of all humans.

CHARLES

Oh, gotcha. But wait, you watched
all those Oprah shows with me.

JAKE

Oh right. I guess we're both in the
minority there! What else? I have
a birthmark shaped like Yoda.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLES

You still have your wisdom teeth!

ROSA

Not good enough.

JAKE

I didn't cry in Titanic.

CHARLES

You did cry in Dumb & Dumber.

ROSA

You have a weird obsession with hula hoops.

JAKE

Hey! A lot of people--!

AMY

You've never finished a sudoku.

JAKE

No one does!

TERRY

You don't have a gym membership.

CHARLES

You do have a Nickelodeon magazine subscription.

JAKE

Okay! Okay! I get it. I won't go.

ROSA

Well, it is a fundraiser.

AMY

Yeah, just buy a plate.

JAKE

Wait, I can just buy my way in?
Why didn't you say so?!

AMY

It's 5,000 dollars a plate.

JAKE

Okaaaay?! What else? I've never
used my cosmetology license.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE**INT. BRIEFING ROOM - MORNING (D1)**

Terry stands at the podium next to a TV with pictures of a very good looking man and woman. All detectives sit at tables, Amy across the aisle from Jake, Charles next to Jake. Rosa, Gina, Hitchcock, and Scully in the back.

TERRY

This is Brock and Vanessa Parsons.

GINA

Woow.

CHARLES

Quite the lookers. His cheek bones--

AMY

They may look rugged, sculpted, muscular... Uh, but these are serious criminals. They've been known to lure victims from bars and clubs, then assault and rob them.

JAKE

I'd like to lure her...
(re: their looks)
Into a jail cell! Come on, guys!

AMY

You stay away. This is my case.

TERRY

Seeing as you and Rosa conducted an unsuccessful sting last week--

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - FLASHBACK (FBN)

Amy and Rosa walk into the club like models, in high heels. Amy gets two steps in the door and her ankles wobble. She stops, straightens up, takes one more step, and falls over.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - BACK TO SCENE (D1)

ROSA

Ha! You looked like a baby deer.

TERRY

I'm giving Jake the lead on this.

Amy jumps up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

What?! Are you kidding me? I've been working on it for weeks!

TERRY

With no progress.

AMY

That you've seen.

JAKE

Oh, are you working under the radar now, Red October?

Jake holds up his hand. Charles high fives it.

CHARLES

Actually though, it's sonar that--

AMY

Sarge, this is my case!

JAKE

And now it's being passed to a real detective.

AMY

You couldn't detect a-- a metal detector with a...metal detector!

Jake stands up and they face off.

JAKE

Metal detectors can't even detect themselves.

AMY

I mean with another metal detector!

JAKE

I can detect a detector without a detector! Cause I'm a delectable--

TERRY

Stop!

CHARLES

I got this.

Charles handcuffs Jake and Amy's hands together.

AMY

What is this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLES

You were fighting with each other,
so now you're stuck to each other.

ROSA

Why've we never done this to them?

GINA

You don't want those too tight.
They can really chafe.

JAKE

Nice try, but I handcuff myself to
things, all the time--

CHARLES

Me, too. Remember that one time--?

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK FROM "CHRISTMAS")

Jake is cuffed to Holt. Charles, in a panic, cuffs himself
to Holt's other hand and throws the key down the vent.

JAKE

No!

HOLT

No!

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - BACK TO SCENE (D1)

CHARLES

That was a special moment for me.

JAKE

Yeah. Anywhooo. Whatever will we
do to get out of this? If only we
had universal handcuff keys!

He searches his belt. Charles holds up two keys.

CHARLES

You mean, universal handcuff these?

AMY

Sarge!

TERRY

Okay by me.

JAKE

Joke's on you. Every morning I
swallow a spare key. Amy, if we
could just go to the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA

Ew! You swallow the same key every day?

JAKE

Like any master of the trade, I have anywhere from three to four keys in my stomach at all times.

SCULLY

Did someone say 'four cheese in my stomach'?

HITCHCOCK

Are we ordering pizza?

AMY

Please, take off the cuffs.

JAKE

Title of your sex tape!

AMY

Not now, Jake.

JAKE

Title of our sex tape?

She stares daggers at him, then pounces toward Charles.

AMY

Take them off! Take them off!

Holt steps in the room. Amy freezes, hands around Charles' throat, Jake's cuffed arm twisted awkwardly around them.

HOLT

Diaz. Santiago. Can I see you in my office?

He leaves. Amy goes back to trying to strangle Charles.

AMY

Give me the key!

CHARLES

Ok ok. Here.

He holds up the keys; she snatches them from him.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

But! Whoever unlocks first loses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMY
Oh, come on!

She quickly turns toward Jake; he has the same idea.

AMY (CONT'D)	JAKE
Whoever loses does paperwork for a month.	Whoever loses does paperwork for a year!

AMY
A year? Really?

JAKE
I'm really good at this game.

TERRY
Ya know what. I like you two this
way. You're both on the sting.

JAKE
Noice.

Charles holds up a hand. Jake high fives him with his right
hand, yanking Amy's hand up.

AMY	JAKE
Ow!	Ow!

INT. HOLT'S OFFICE - LATER (D1)

Holt stands behind his desk. Rosa and Amy step in, Jake is
beside Amy, hiding their hands.

AMY
Yes, Captain?

HOLT
I don't remember asking you in
here, Peralta.

JAKE
You didn't? Well, then I'll just
stay in here anyway.

HOLT
As you know, the African American
Gay and Lesbian New York City
Policeman's Association has
partnered with coalitions of Latino
and female officers to organize a
formal fundraiser to support
diversity on the police force.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLT (CONT'D)

As the former president of
AAGLNYCPA, I was asked to speak at
the event tonight.

AMY

And it's sure to be a beautiful,
inspiring speech. Can't wait to
hear it, sir.

ROSA

Suck up.

HOLT

But I have decided to turn down the
opportunity. Instead, I would like
one of you to speak at the event--

AMY

Me! Called it. Booya!

HOLT

--about team work.

ROSA

Ha!

HOLT

And being part of a diverse team.

JAKE

Captain, I think I should deliver
the speech with Santiago.

HOLT

At a minority gathering?

JAKE

Well, I'm half-Jewish, and I'm
allergic to cantaloupe. I think
I'm in the minority there.

HOLT

Get out.

JAKE

Okee.

He turns around so he's back to back with Amy, hiding behind
her. Awkward silence as Holt looks at him.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I've also never seen The Notebook.
Again, not a lot of people--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HOLT

Out!

Jake twists Amy's arm behind her.

AMY

Ok! Ok!

(to Holt)

We'll just figure out amongst ourselves who's going to speak.

Amy starts to back out, Jake leading her. Rosa doesn't move.

AMY (CONT'D)

Rosa, aren't you coming?

ROSA

I'll be right there.

Amy and Jake slink out. Rosa turns quickly to Holt.

ROSA (CONT'D)

They're--

HOLT

--handcuffed together? Pretty obvious. Just make sure they don't ruin the fundraiser. I assume you'll be taking Marcus?

ROSA

Yes, sir.

HOLT

Then, I'll see you in a few hours. Anything else?

ROSA

Yeah. Santiago has a binder full of speeches prepared for stuff like this. Why ask me?

HOLT

I thought you should consider it.

ROSA

Well, I'm gonna let her do it.

HOLT

Whatever you say.

He sits down. She turns and walks out.

INT. BULLPEN - SAME TIME (D1)

Jake and Amy's desks face each other. They sit with their cuffed arms stretched across the desks. Amy flips through a binder of speeches. Rosa walks by.

ROSA
You can do it.

AMY
Oh thanks, Rosa! You're so sweet.

Rosa struts to her desk. Amy leans in to Jake.

AMY (CONT'D)
I mean, I called it. Duh.

JAKE
Oh, do you always yield to dibs once called?

AMY
Well, I--

JAKE
I call all time radio DJ in the squad car!

AMY
That's stupid.

JAKE
Called it. Booya!

INT. BULLPEN - LATER (D1)

Gina sits at her desk, playing on her phone. Terry walks up.

TERRY
Gina, can I ask you a favor?

GINA
You want me to oil up your pecs?

TERRY
What? No. It's not Thursday. I need you to watch--

GINA
--you oil your pecs?

TERRY
My kids.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA

Ew.

TERRY

The wife and I are going to the minority council fundraiser, but Cagney and Lacey's babysitter just came down with teenage pregnancy.

Charles steps up.

CHARLES

I'll do it! I'll do it for free. My payment is in smiles and the sound of laughter.

GINA

Don't be a creep.

TERRY

Gina? Please.

CHARLES

Come on. I was going to make a nice creamy spinach risotto and baked ratatouille tonight. I'll bring over the supplies. I bet your girls would love that.

TERRY

My girls love Netflix and pizza.

GINA

Oh then I'm in.

TERRY

Yes! Thank you! See you at 7.

He turns and walks away.

GINA

Boyle, you can buy us pizza.

CHARLES

Yes! Thank you! See you at 7.

GINA

No, like you can order it for us... from your computer...from home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLES

Aw, come on.
(sing-song)
I can French braid!

GINA

Ugh. Fine. But you start with me.

She points to her head. Boyle whips a comb out of his pocket, reaches for her hair. She slaps his hand away.

GINA (CONT'D)

Not now!

INT. SQUAD CAR - LATER (D1)

Jake and Amy pull up to a Tux Shop. 90s grunge blares from the stereo. Jake sings "Glycerine" loud and proud.

Jake cuts the ignition, opens his door and gets out. Amy has to climb through his door, still attached at the wrist.

INT. TUX RENTAL SHOP - MOMENTS LATER (D1)

Jake and Amy sift through a rack of tuxes.

JAKE

Why do I need a tux? I have a tux.

AMY

One that's not printed on a t-shirt.

JAKE

Oh.

AMY

The fundraiser is formal. Plus, the Parsons are working an elite social club. Two birds, one stone.

JAKE

Two beautiful people. One set of hand cuffs. Sound familiar?

He holds up their hands, and gives her a cheeky grin.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Wait, how am I going to change?

AMY

Guess you'll have to unlock yourself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The CLERK, 20s, male, skinny and awkward, approaches.

JAKE

Excuse me. I would like to try on
the left half of a tuxedo, please.

The clerk gives him a weird look, then slinks to the back.

Jake's phone buzzes. He reaches for his pocket with his
right hand. Amy's hand gets a little too close.

AMY

Whoa now!

JAKE

Sorry.

He uses his left hand to fish it out, checks his message.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Whoa. It's Sophia.

AMY

Ex-girlfriend Sophia?

JAKE

No, ex-girlfriend Beyonce. Yes, ex-
girlfriend Sophia! She wants to
get dinner tonight!

He looks up at her. She looks back. They stare at each other
like duelers through squinted eyes. Then suddenly shout:

JAKE (CONT'D)

I call dinner with Sophia.
Called it. Booya!

AMY

I call we go to the formal.
Called it. Booya!

AMY (CONT'D)

I was first.

JAKE

I was first.

JAKE (CONT'D)

No. I was first.

AMY

No. I was first.

Jake turns to look at the clerk, who's just come back.

JAKE

Hey, you! Who was first?

The clerk stands wide-eyed, holding a tux that's been cut up
the middle so only the left half dangles from the hanger. It
slides off to the ground, the hanger swaying back and forth.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. SQUAD CAR - LATER (D1)

Jake drives, Amy sits shotgun. Jake hums along to "MMMBop".

AMY

Seriously, Jake, I know you had a hard time getting over Sophia, but--

JAKE

Me?! Get over her?! Psh!

AMY

So, you're not over her?

JAKE

Oh, look, we're here!

EXT. BROOKLYN SOCIAL CLUB - CONTINUOUS (D1)

Jake pulls Amy out of the car. She wears a dress; holds a clutch. Jake's tuxedo shirt and jacket sleeves hang off his right shoulder. He swings the jacket back and forth.

JAKE

I feel like Lando Calrissian.

AMY

Pay attention. We go in, get seduced by the Parsons, catch them in the act when they try to rob us. Then, we have to go to the formal.

JAKE

We don't have to go anywhere. You have to go. So, you can unlock.

AMY

Or you can unlock.

She takes out a key and hands it to him.

JAKE

Or you can go with me to see Sophia!

AMY

No way.

JAKE

Then unlock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pushes the key back to her.

AMY

You.

JAKE

You!

JAKE (CONT'D)

Fine! I'll unlock... you!

Jake grabs the key, reaches across to her arm. He unlocks her instead. The cuffs dangle from his wrist. He quickly takes out his phone and snaps a picture.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Now to text Boyle to show him I won!

AMY

No! That doesn't count!

JAKE

We'll let Boyle be the judge.

Amy snatches his phone. As he reaches for it, she grabs the hanging cuff, relocks it around her arm, then unlocks *his*. He scoffs, relocks himself, and unlocks her again.

Amy pulls her own cuffs out of her clutch, and cuffs his arm to hers. He quickly does the same with his own cuffs. There are now three sets of cuffs connecting their two arms.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Wait. This is stupid.

AMY

Right?

JAKE

I should have put my sleeve on.

He unlocks all three from her arm so they hang on his, pulls on the sleeves of his shirt and jacket, then recuffs Amy.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Ok. No more unlocking!

They start to walk toward the door.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Wait.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He stops, unlocks all three from her arm, uses both his hands to tuck in his shirt, then recuffs.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Ok.

They flash their badges to the bouncer and start to walk in.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Wait!

AMY

Cut it out!

JAKE

I have to pee.

AMY

Seriously?

JAKE

Ever seen people cuffed together
and one of them didn't have to pee?

She sighs and starts to unlock him. He bounces impatiently.

JAKE (CONT'D)

This is the last time. I promise.

As soon as he's free, he pushes through the door and runs in.

AMY

Please wash your hands!

INT. TERRY'S HOUSE - FOYER - LATER (N1)

Terry and Sharon welcome Gina and Charles in the front door. Charles holds a bag of groceries.

SHARON

Thanks for doing this.

CHARLES

We're happy to help, Mrs. Jeffers.

GINA

And the TV is this way?

SHARON

Yeah.

GINA

Ok, byyyyye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks at her phone, starts toward the other room, but is stopped by Terry.

TERRY

Wait. We should tell you, if it seems too quiet, it is too quiet. Cagney and Lacey are sneaky.

CHARLES

Sarge, I'm a detective. I can handle sneaky.

TERRY

I mean ninja sneaky.

CHARLES

Oh.

TERRY

Yeah.

SHARON

Just check the toilet seat before you sit down. And the couch. And--

CHARLES

Got it. You catch that, Gina?

GINA

Yeah. Don't sit down. Whatever.

CHARLES

Mind if I use the kitchen?

TERRY

Sure. Just check the oven before--

CHARLES

Right.

TERRY

And don't touch my yogurt. I booby trapped that myself.

Terry and Sharon leave. Gina doesn't look up from her phone.

GINA

Get to cooking. Netflix is waiting.

CHARLES

And the kids?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GINA

They're behind that china cabinet.

The china shakes. Charles jumps. Gina heads out, texting.

INT. BROOKLYN SOCIAL CLUB - LATER (N1)

Jake comes out of the bathroom; shakes his wet hands at Amy.

AMY

No towels?

JAKE

You think I'm gonna rent a tux and not get my money's worth?

He wipes his hands on his pants. She recuffs him with one set of handcuffs, puts the other two sets in her clutch.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Ok, I was thinking. We can pull a Mrs. Doubtfire. I'll meet Sophia--

AMY

Are we still discussing this?

JAKE

Of course! I'll meet Sophia at a restaurant next to the fundraiser. Then I can pretend to go to the bathroom and sneak back and forth.

AMY

Has that ever worked in any movie you've ever seen?

JAKE

No, but that's cause people always get suspicious of the bathroom breaks. But she knows how much Mountain Dew I drink.

AMY

What about the fact that you'll be dragging me along with you?

JAKE

Double the bathroom breaks.

BROCK, 32, and VANESSA PARSONS, 26, both sultry, with model good looks, slink across the room, scoping out the joint.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

Oh, there they are! Look available.
But not desperate. Rich and single.

JAKE

How am I supposed to look available
handcuffed to you?

AMY

Maybe they're into that sort of
thing. Come on.

She pulls him across the room. Jake acts bombastically rich.

JAKE

Oh pookie, remember swimming in our
giant pool of gold coins?!

AMY

Scrooge McDuck?

JAKE

I only know rich stuff from
cartoons!
(loudly mocking Mr. Burns)
Eeeeexcellent!

Vanessa makes eyes at him. Jake pulls out a monocle; puts it
in his eye. He winks. It falls to the floor. He scrambles.

EXT. HOLT'S HOUSE - LATER (N1)

Rosa walks up to the front door, wearing a dress. Knocks.
Holt answers in a suit.

HOLT

Oh, Rosa! Don't come in.

ROSA

Why not? Where's Marcus?

HOLT

Kevin and Marcus have both suddenly
come down with something.

ROSA

With what?

HOLT

The word 'torrential' comes to mind.

He steps out the door, and closes it behind him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSA
Maybe I should go in and see him.

Holt grabs her shoulders, looks her in the eyes.

HOLT
You don't want to do that.

ROSA
But--

HOLT
You don't want to do that.

He lets go, and without changing his expression:

HOLT (CONT'D)
You look lovely.

He turns and walks toward the car. Rosa looks toward the house wide-eyed, then turns and follows him.

INT. BROOKLYN SOCIAL CLUB - LATER (N1)

Jake and Amy lounge in a VIP booth with Brock and Vanessa. Jake holds up his arm to show the cuffs.

JAKE
She doesn't want me running off
with my millions!

AMY
I'm holding out for the billions!

They laugh. A fresh batch of drinks arrives. They cheers.

JAKE
To having pockets full of cash at
all times, like even right now!

They drink. Brock stares at Amy over his drink. She blushes.

INT. TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (N1)

Gina is curled up on a loveseat. Charles enters.

GINA
Where's my food?

CHARLES
Still cooking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks under the cushion and behind the couch before sitting. He pulls out his comb, starts braiding her hair.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
This has been a breeze, sis.

GINA
Ew. Don't call me that.

CHARLES
What? We're technically siblings now. I can call you sis.

GINA
We're technically friends, but I don't call you. Sit over there.

CHARLES
I'm not done!

GINA
The braid can wait.

She shifts, and takes out her phone. He sits next to her.

CHARLES
Have you seen the girls?

Suddenly ropes fly from behind the couch and tighten across their chests, arms and legs. Gina's phone falls to the floor.

GINA
Yeah. They're behind the couch.

CHARLES
Sneaky. Sneaky.

INT. BROOKLYN SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT (N1)

Brock and Vanessa stand, indicate Jake and Amy should follow.

AMY
Okay, here's our chance. Act like an easy target. Act drunk.

JAKE
(tipsy)
Who'zzacting?

AMY
Ugh. Great.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She tries to put her arm around him, hits him in the head with his own hand. She takes a second to get her arm around his shoulder. He raises his eyebrows flirtatiously. Brock offers his arm to Amy. Vanessa grabs Jake's free hand. They lead Jake and Amy out the door.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEEXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT (N1)

Amy with her arm around Jake, Brock and Vanessa linked to their arms, stumble around the corner into the alley.

JAKE

Oh, a dark alley. If only it were paved with gold.

AMY

I say diamonds, darling.

JAKE

Diamonds it is, my pookie.

Vanessa pushes Jake against the wall, kisses his neck.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Remind me to have Reginald order my jet feul-- Oh! Hands in my pocket!

Vanessa fishes in his pocket. Brock kisses Amy on the cheek. Jake looks over to see Brock all over Amy. He pushes Vanessa.

AMY

Uh...yes. Call Reginald.

JAKE

Right after we call backup!
Freeze! You're under arrest.

He pulls out his gun. Amy pulls up her dress to reveal a pistol strapped to her leg. Jake's eyes go wide.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Whoa. Pookie pookie!

AMY

Ew stop!

Brock and Vanessa take off running down the alley.

AMY (CONT'D)

Go go!

Amy and Jake chase after them. At a crossroads, Brock and Vanessa split. Amy and Jake try to split. The cuffs pull them back and they fall to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY (CONT'D)
I think we need backup.

Jake pulls a walkie out of his suit jacket, talks into it.

JAKE
Oh, Reginald! Please send the
armed guard, and a team of peasants
to wipe the drool from my chin.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT (N1)

The ballroom is filled with cops in formal attire. Holt and Rosa walk in. Rosa looks around.

ROSA
No sign of Santiago, yet. If she
doesn't show you're making the spe--

She looks at Holt. He is pale and sweaty.

ROSA (CONT'D)
Whoa! You look horrible.

HOLT
I'm perfectly fine.

ROSA
Don't do this to me. What if Amy
doesn't show? I can't go up there.

HOLT
I asked you to, didn't I?

ROSA
I didn't agree to it! Why would you
ask me if you knew I was going to
let Amy do it?

HOLT
The speech is about working as a
team. I asked you because I knew
you'd let her do it. That's what
makes you a great team member.

ROSA
What, not wanting to do anything?

HOLT
Acting like you don't want to do
anything, making way for others to
thrive in your place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSA

How do you know I don't genuinely
hate doing things?

HOLT

Oh, I know you do. But I also know
you genuinely like people.

ROSA

They're okay.

Hitchcock and Scully walk up, holding plates of food.

ROSA (CONT'D)

What are you guys doing here?

HITCHCOCK

We paid for plates.

SCULLY

Two each!

HITCHCOCK

Crab cake?

He holds a crab cake under Holt's nose. Holt reels back,
covers his mouth, and runs off. Hitchcock eats the cake.

ROSA

No, Captain! Don't leave me!

HITCHCOCK

What's his problem?

SCULLY

Must be crabby enough already.

Hitchcock snorts. Rosa rolls her eyes.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT (N1)

Jake and Amy still sit on ground. A COP approaches.

COP

We caught 'em.

JAKE

Thank you, boy! Be gone with thee.

The cop gives him a weird look and struts off.

AMY

I think you can cut the act now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

This is who I am now, pookie.

AMY

You can definitely cut that out.

JAKE

But, pookie--

AMY

I call you have to stop. Booya!

JAKE

Drat!

Jake's phone rings. He answers it.

JAKE (CONT'D)

What's up, Gina?

CHARLES (V.O.)

Jake! Jake, it's Charles!

JAKE

Boyle? What's wrong?

CHARLES (V.O.)

Help! We're tied up at Terry's! I dialed your number with my toe!

Jake hangs up.

JAKE

Charles needs our help.

AMY

With what?

JAKE

He's tied up and barefoot! Come on!

He jumps up and pulls Amy to her feet.

INT. TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (N1)

Charles' bare foot is on Gina's phone on the ground.

CHARLES

Good thing I know Jake's number by heart. I couldn't even see what I was pressing. The toe knows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA
God, you're so in love with him.

CHARLES
We definitely love each other. I
wouldn't say we're in love--

Gina smells the air.

GINA
Boyle.

CHARLES
The way I love fresh mangos. But
not the way I love fresh
cantaloupe, cause Jake's allergic.

GINA
Boyle! Did you leave the stove on?

The smoke detector starts blaring. Beep! Beep! Beep!

GINA (CONT'D)
Call 911!

CHARLES
My toe hasn't practiced that!

GINA
Oh no. The girls!

CHARLES
My risotto!

They both start struggling against the ropes.

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT (N1)

Amy's driving. She pulls up and parks. Jake reaches over,
unlocks her, and jumps out of the car.

JAKE
I'm gonna win!

He turns and runs. Amy grabs her own cuffs from her clutch,
snaps them on her arm, and follows him.

EXT. TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (N1)

Jake stumbles in the grass. Amy passes him. Jake grabs her
leg and trips her. He jumps up and runs in.

INT. TERRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N1)

Charles and Gina are still tied up. The room is filled with smoke. Jake runs in, coughing and waving the smoke away.

CHARLES

Jake! You came for me!

JAKE

I won. Look, I won.

He holds up his arm. Amy rushes in, holds up her arm.

AMY

No, I won! He cheated.

CHARLES

Guys! Guys!

AMY

What?

CHARLES

It can be a tie!

Amy and Jake look at each other.

JAKE

Double or nothing.

They both recuff each other.

GINA

Ok. I just want to point out something else that's happening.

Jake looks around.

JAKE

Fire!

GINA

Yes! Help us!

Amy reaches down to loosen a knot, but Jake yanks her away before she can untie it. Charles and Gina have wiggle room.

INT. TERRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS (N1)

Smoke rises from a skillet on the stove. Jake and Amy wave away the smoke. They rush to the stove.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amy grabs the skillet handle with the hand attached to Jake. As she pulls the skillet off the flame, Jake's jacket sleeve passes over the flame, and catches on fire.

JAKE

Whoa!

Amy drops the skillet. Risotto splatters everywhere. Jake slaps at his arm. The flame only grows.

AMY

Baking soda.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Fire extinguisher.

Amy tries to reach up to a cabinet. Jake tries to reach below the sink. But the cuffs pull them back. Amy stumbles and falls into Jake. Her dress catches on fire.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Stop drop and roll!

He pulls her down to the floor; wraps his arms around her. They roll to stop the fire. Amy ends up on top of Jake.

AMY

That, uh. That was close.

JAKE

That was hot, pookie.

She smiles. They look into each other's eyes. She hovers over him for a second, then inches forward.

A BLAST of fire extinguisher foam sprays over them. Charles stands over them with an extinguisher, Gina beside him.

CHARLES

Saved you, Jake.

JAKE

Thanks, Boyle.

GINA

Looks like you prevented a couple things.

AMY

Aren't you supposed to be babysitting?

Gina and Charles look at each other wide-eyed, then rush out. Amy rolls over onto the floor beside Jake. She looks at him. They're both covered in foam.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE

Here. You have a little--

He pulls up their cuffed hands and uses her hand like a rag to wipe back and forth across her face.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**EXT. TERRY'S HOUSE - LATER (N1)**

Amy and Jake step out onto the front porch, still cuffed. They are covered in foam residue, their clothes charred.

AMY

Thanks for saving me in there.

JAKE

All in a day's work, m'lady.

The hedges shake. Jake screams and pushes Amy toward them. Amy looks behind the hedge and laughs.

AMY

It's just Cagney.

Amy yells back in the door.

AMY (CONT'D)

Found the girls!

JAKE

I knew that! I would never push you toward danger!

The bush behind him shakes. He squeals and jumps behind Amy.

AMY

That would be Lacey. But thanks for the protection, Sir Jake the jumpy.

JAKE

Well, I didn't push you toward it that time.

Charles and Gina pop their heads out the door.

GINA

See, I knew they were fine.

CHARLES

Just in time for dinner.

A pizza guy pulls up to the house. Jake and Amy stride past him to the squad car, and get in.

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS (N1)

Jake gets behind the wheel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

Ok, m'lady. Let's get you to that formal.

AMY

Jake, we don't have to. We've put each other through a lot today. We don't have to keep this up. We can go meet Sophia. It's okay.

JAKE

Oh, I was just gonna drop you off.

AMY

Oh, right. Of course. Thanks.

He snaps his hands like reins on a horse as he peels out.

JAKE

Hya! Hya!

INT. BALLROOM - SAME TIME (N1)

Rosa stands at the bar; downs the last of a cocktail. She turns as Terry and Sharon approach. She grabs Terry's shirt.

ROSA

Have you seen Santiago?!

TERRY

Last I heard, they were cuffed together in an alley somewhere.

ROSA

Great. She's supposed to make a speech tonight. And if she doesn't show, guess who has to do it.

TERRY

You better start writing.

He grabs a napkin from the bar for her. She holds up a handful of 20 crumpled napkins filled with writing.

ROSA

Say that again.

Hitchcock appears from the crowd.

ROSA (CONT'D)

Hitchcock! How's he doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HITCHCOCK
You don't want to know.

ROSA
Ugh! Watch out.

Rosa pushes past him, and marches toward the bathroom.

WOMAN (V.O.)
Attention please.

Rosa freezes.

WOMAN (V.O.)
We have a guest from Brooklyn 99
who has prepared a speech for us.
Is Captain Holt here? Captain?

A smattering of applause as people look around. Rosa sighs,
turns to the stage and trudges toward the stairs.

INT. BALLROOM - SAME TIME (N1)

Jake and Amy arrive, still cuffed and dirty.

AMY
Thanks for bringing me. Here.

She reaches for the cuffs on her arm.

JAKE
What are you doing?

AMY
I'm letting you win. Go meet
Sophia. You've deserved it.

He pulls his hand away.

JAKE
No. I don't-- Well, I can stick
around for a bit. Who's gonna
heckle you during your speech?

WOMAN (V.O.)
Captain Holt?

AMY
They're ready for me! Come on.

JAKE
Wait, where's your speech?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

I have all my speeches memorized.

They rush forward. Amy leads Jake. As they near the stage, Jake takes out his key, and unlocks himself. Amy lurches forward. Then turns to see the cuff hanging from her arm.

JAKE

You win, pookie. Knock 'em dead.

She smiles and turns back and freezes. Rosa is at the mic.

ROSA

Hi, I'm Detective Rosa Diaz.

She spreads out her napkins. Looks up, and sees Amy.

ROSA (CONT'D)

Captain Holt asked a colleague and me to speak about what it means to work on a diverse team. And I was surprised to be included, because she's great at speeches. And I don't give a crap about this stuff.

Amy smiles up at her.

ROSA (CONT'D)

But apparently, being a team player is about sometimes being the one who steps back to make way for other people to succeed.

Amy turns back to Jake, steps back, and cuffs herself to him. Jake grabs Amy's hand. She looks down at their hands, then up at him. She smiles, and interlocks her fingers with his.

ROSA (CONT'D)

So yeah, I guess that's why we need diversity on the police force. In order to see progress in our city, we need every type of person, with strengths and weaknesses that complement each other to support one another, realize our potential as one, and move forward together.

She looks to the back, where Holt stands outside the bathroom, looking pale, but smiling. He nods.

ROSA (CONT'D)

Right. Ok, I'm done.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She steps away from the mic. Amy meets her at the stairs.

AMY

I couldn't have said it better myself.

JAKE

There could have been more talk about how important I am to the force, but ya know, good job.

AMY

Where's Holt?

ROSA

He's been sick. He spent most of the night in the bathroom.

JAKE

Bathroom!

His eyes widen; he clutches his crotch.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Mountain Dew!

He rushes toward the bathroom, yanking Amy's arm and dragging her after him. They pass Holt, who ambles up to Rosa.

HOLT

I'm very proud of--

ROSA

If you ever make me do that again, I quit.

She marches off. But after a few steps, she looks back and gives him a reserved smile. Just as she does, Holt retches, covers his mouth, and runs through the crowd.

END OF SHOW